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A Tribute.

BY M. A. QUINLAN.

Tennyson dead! One so great and so strong
Taken away! and the master of song
Leaves but himself to be sung.
Never again shall we hear his grand sweep
Over the strings of his lyre—now asleep,
Silent, forever unstrung.

And, though his brother in future may sing
Piping on reeds of the fields, though the spring
Melt all our half-frozen tears,
His was a lyre of perfection—his heart—
Deeply inspired with its God-given art,
Flooding with music the years.

Mute it is now, though faint echoes remain;
Lax are the life-cords whose own death refrain
Sounded ere "crossing the bar."
Peerless was he in an age of his own,
Prince of all others, who, passing alone,
Sees now his "evening star."

The Hero of "Vanity Fair."

BY T. A. CRUMLEY.

I.

Anyone who frequented the Garrick Club in King street, London, just after the year 1840, must more than once have shaken worthy hands and had a cup or two of punch with a great smooth-faced "giant," a sort of "colossal infant," who used to keep his literary workshop there. A good fellow and honest was this droll old Titan, with none of the air of a prig about him. Generous, good-natured, reserved, he would rather shake a hearty laugh out of a boy and then give him a sovereign than walk down

Pall Mall arm in arm with the grandest duke that lived. Of the appearance of the man there is little to say. His voice was sweet and piping like a child's, his figure drooping, his hair white and soft, and his face a mere ordinary face with just a dab of a nose that seemed to blush and slink away under the ignominy of spectacles. He did not look a prophet at that time, nor indeed after; he was like a thousand others in everything except height; but to us, as we see him now, he is quite a glorious personage, and we cannot think of him as other than a hero. This gentleman of fifty years ago, this staunch, respectable Englishman, was William Makepeace Thackeray, the kindest, quaintest soul that ever put the pen to paper.

Thackeray—or so, at least, it seems to his worshipper—must at one time or other come into the fellow-feelings of everyone who wears the cap and bells of "Vanity Fair." Indeed, it is almost impossible not to love him when you know him. He is simple, pure, sympathetic, all that a writer should be, and his every page is a special pleading for humanity. He has always a cheerful word for his brothers, the workers; he sings to them, he weeps with them, he labors for them; and if, perhaps, he censures a fault, it is only that he may be just in praising a virtue. He is constantly dealing with the business of life, and consistently, too, for he knows it thoroughly. Every human passion, every pain, every hope and joy is familiar to him, and he finds expression for them all. It is no wonder, then, that he appeals to us, that our hearts go out to him as to a friend, for he was first and last kindly and humane.

II.

The leading characteristics of Thackeray—and this is true of all writers who are in any sense

original—may easily be traced to his earliest works. A good example of his incomparable humor, for instance, is "The Book of Snobs," in which delightful series he plays with us, and scolds us, and teaches us with all the outrageous candor of "The Roundabout Papers." Then, too, in his occasional essays in *Frazer's Magazine* we have plain manifestations of the clear, critical power which gives so much weight to the later "Lectures on the Humorists." And in "The Great Hoggarty Diamond" the workings of a master-mind are so evident that a celebrated critic exclaims: "What is there better in Goldsmith or Fielding?" Every line of his early writing is thoroughly original, and the manner of much of it is little less than excellent; it is, nevertheless, very far from being the best of Thackeray's and might better be passed over in praiseworthy silence.

Thackeray's first work of superior merit was "Barry Lyndon," the autobiography of an Irish adventurer and professional rake. It is a story of a century ago, with not much plot, but plenty of action and incident, heightened by strong imagination. The world in which the persons of the novel move and have their being is a different world from ours,—a world comparatively wicked, to say the least; still there is a certain air of truth about it that makes it seem both real and living. Lyndon, the hero, is a consummate scoundrel, who does the most atrocious things and is capable of doing worse, yet an amiable fellow withal and familiar, for the ages are full of him. There is not a crime in the *Newgate Calendar* that he does not commit and revel in, but he tells you about it with such a charm of manner, that he has your pardon instantly. He is conceited, brazen, polished, a veritable Pharisee; and yet what blandness is his, what overwhelming self-esteem, what amazing condescension! It has been said that Thackeray began "Barry Lyndon" as a burlesque on "Eugene Aram." However true this may be, he did not end it so; and before the tale closes he actually falls in love with the Irish gambler. And who, indeed, could do otherwise? One may and ought to hate the sin, but one cannot have the heart to hate the sinner. All in all, "Barry Lyndon" is a very worthy book, and had our author not given us worthier, we had surely rested content with this.

The next work of Thackeray's, in order of time, was "Vanity Fair," than which, with the noteworthy exception of "Henry Esmond," he never did anything better. It is a novel of society, of the world indoors, so to speak, and deals with common mortals who have their

faults and virtues, and their little eccentricities. "The big bow-wow strain," as Scott called it, is entirely suppressed. None of the characters are painted to look more than human. The good people are not wholly good, and, fortunately, the villains are always redeemed by some commendable quality. But, apart from its general excellence, the men and women of the book also have a special interest for us. There, now, is Becky Sharp, the false, the hard-hearted, with her killing eyes and her fine speeches, and her craving after money; was there ever creature like her? And dear, kind Amelia! whose only vice is her love for George Osborne, and her tardiness in making Major Doblin happy. Major Doblin, too, patient, loving, high-minded, the good hero of the tale, and none the less a hero because he has big feet. Rawdon Crawley, of course, is inimitable; he is the one stupid, tipsy, heavy dragoon outside of history. Perhaps old Sir Pitt, as Anthony Trollope suggests, is somewhat overdrawn; but this defect is made good over and over again by the truth of those two very unlike lovers of Becky, my Lord Marquis of Steyne and Jos. Sedley. But even our old familiar friends, whom we love to write about, even they have less charm for us than the telling of their actions; and I hold that the finest quality of "Vanity Fair" is its pure Thackerian prose—the clear, simple, happy manner of the master.

The book which will make Thackeray live, however, and give him place beside the foremost writers of the English tongue, is undoubtedly that greatest of all historical novels, "Henry Esmond." Here is work of supreme quality, if ever such was; here is art and style and execution; and whether it be in Dickens or Walter Scott, one cannot find its equal. In fact, mere words of praise fail of expressing its merit, and the best one could say of it would be little less than nothing. The story is simple, too simple to be retold with any grace; but like all of Thackeray's tales, it is carried out with so fine a touch that one is almost tempted to put faith in its intricacy. The real worth of the novel consists in the manner and the seeming truth of it. Each of the characters is merely a being of the earth, human and liable to err; and none of them strikes you with awe at his prodigious deeds, or, even worse, at his prodigious speeches. How very like, for instance, is Henry Esmond, the great man in the book, thoughtless of self, persecuted from childhood, willing to give up all for those he loved, if only they would love him in return. And Lady Castlewood, large-hearted, matronly, yea, humble enough to be sure, but quite faulty in her

government of that saucy little Trix. Ah! yes, Beatrix, the enslaver of every man she met, very pretty and very witty, too, but wicked, doomed, after her refusal of Henry, to become sad, old, discontented Baroness Bernstein in "The Virginians." But can one forget to mention Dick Steele, the trooper, or "Joey" Addison, his friend, or indomitable Dean Swift? Never! these pictures will live till interest for the human in our novels is no more.

In dealing with the individual works of Thackeray, I have purposely omitted a word on "Pendennis," "The Newcomers" and "The Virginians," not, of course, because these stories are less pleasant to discuss, but rather because they show no new qualities, and so, from a literary point of view, are deprived of half their real importance for us.

III.

In the treatment of his work Thackeray was far from being an idealist. Indeed, "fidelity to what nature is" seemed to have been a principle with him. Whatever subject he touches, it is never a matter of soaring, of winging to the ethereal blue and dropping down suddenly into the mud, as so often happens. He shuns helmets and surcoats religiously; there is no blaring of trumpets, no clashing of arms, no shepherds with crooks, and, how thankfully I speak it! the ladies are seldom entombed in "dark, deep dungeons." Only the nothings of life are dwelt upon and made much of, only incidents and accessories, simple enough to be comprehended by everyone, are introduced; for Thackeray hated "high art." Not once can it be said of his situations: "This is affectation; this is romance put up to order." One sees bits of likely human nature in every page he writes, for his characters form no sheer phantasmagoria in fluttering silk or sounding armor. He gives us real men and women. His heroes do not scorn to eat and drink and wax robust, as becomes them, and they actually have the ordinary allotment of sleep. Neither do they waste their substance fighting Turks or other unrighteous chaps, when they ought to be at home supporting a sorrow-stricken family. But best of all, his women are natural. There are no pale, sickly faces with him—except in case of death—no languid eyes and drooping eyebrows, no heavenly smiles and queenly strides. His heroines are hardly ever half dead with love or hate, and they are only out in the "cold, cruel winds of a bleak, dismal night" on very rare occasions, and even then, they generally remember to take something for it as soon as they get in. No, truly,

the fanciful, unearthly, supernatural manner was not at all in Thackeray's way, and he was nothing if not human.

IV.

Of Thackeray the literary artist, the "stylist," to use a text-book word, no one can speak with becoming reverence and praise. His prose is admirable: clear as crystal always, simple, strong, perfect, it never fatigues by sameness, never suggests straining, never startles by a pretension to novelty. It is the prose of an author who does not declaim in the open air, or put up a speaking-trumpet to thunder forth his sentiments. In truth, this is the chief charm of Thackeray: that he takes you by the button, as it were, and drags you into his study, and makes you sit down, and chats familiarly and earnestly with you. How delightful, as an example, are his parentheses, when he thrusts in his glorious old head from under the lines, and moralizes, or jokes, or becomes indignant, or just does it to torment one, as it seems. A more felicitous diction it is impossible to find. Nor was Thackeray a perpetrator of mere "fine things." His style does not consist simply in the piling of epithet on epithet out of the dictionary: it is a personal expression, a language from the fulness of the author's heart. One can see the very temperament of the man in his writing. If he is humorous, there is humor in his manner, if he is sad, there is sadness, and if he is eloquent, there is persuasion. And it is just this individuality of Thackeray's, as I take it, that prompts Carlyle to exclaim: "Nobody in our day wrote, I should say, with such perfection of style."

V.

It has long been an article of my literary creed that Thackeray is rightly to be regarded as the greatest novelist in English. That he is the most moral, the most human, the most versatile—and therefore the most interesting—no one will deny. But more than this: he seems to unite in one all the qualities of our strongest writers of fiction. He has the simplicity of Goldsmith, the eloquence of Scott, the facility of Fielding, the humor of Dickens, and he has all of these in a supreme degree. Nowhere out of Shakspeare can one find a deeper insight into the heart of man than appears in Thackeray. He knows it thoroughly, by intuition, as it were,—its passions, virtues, capabilities,—and his expression is equal to his knowledge. Nor was he a cynic, as some perverted beings have attempted to maintain. If he laughs at the follies of the world, it is to laugh them down, and beyond that he does not go. All in all, there

never was a writer who taught grander truths in a more fascinating way.

Ruskin says that "whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art." And, applied to Thackeray, this truth would have us to believe that the great man's whole life was his book, his piece of art; for he always worked honestly and benevolently, and always in a manner something more than well.

Columbus, the Knight of Faith.*

He gave a world to men—
What word of mortal ken
Immortal praise best saith?
Oh, praise the Knight of Faith!

"Oh, for a shorter way!"
Cried the men of pillage and fray,
"To the unsearched Ind afar,
Where the treasures of ages are."

"A short way thither must be,"
Spake Columbus steadfastly,
"And its perils I will dare
For a prize beyond compare."

"To more than ye dream or name
I will trace a way of flame,
Oh, quest of the Crucified!
O souls for whom He died!"

"And well may the diamond shine,
And the red gold in the mine,
For a pledge in my hands they'll be
Christ's Sepulchre to free."

"Oh, the way to the Land Unseen,
Is the Way of the Cross, I ween!"
Seeking it, youth was spent,
Seeking it, manhood bent;

Seeking it long years, came
Little but scorn and blame,
The taunt and the bitter word,
The pain of hope deferred.

But vain to quench or dim
The fire in the heart of him
Whose way to the Land afar
Was lit by God's own Star.

Not to far Ind, great soul!
Thine was a grander goal,
Meet for the grandest faith,
Say it with fearless breath,

Since theirs, who followed from far
The Lord Christ's wonderful Star
Lighting and guiding them
Till it stood at Bethlehem.

Not thine to free Christ's Tomb,
But Christ's people—through the gloom
Thy path for the feet of Faith
To the souls that sat in death.

* Ode for Columbus' Day in Boston.

Thine to plant, with flag unfurled
The Cross on the fair New World,
And the fruit of that seed to be
Earth's noblest liberty.

KATHARINE E. CONWAY.

Hermenigild; or, the Two Crowns.

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

(*Camp before Seville. Night. SENTINEL discovered. Enter ÆGISMUND, SISBERT, TEIAS, AGILULF, OTULF.*)

SENTINEL. Halt! Who goes there?

ÆGISMUND. Officers of the king's army.

SENTINEL. Advance and give the countersign.

ÆGISMUND. Sword of the Visigoth.

SENTINEL. Whither?

ÆGISMUND. Well done, Sentinel! (*Opens his cloak.*) Dost know me now?

SENTINEL. Duke Ægismund.

ÆGISMUND. Hast thou had quiet guard, or didst see aught suspicious around the city walls?

SENTINEL. All has been quiet, General; but half an hour ago I saw a strange red light on yonder wall (*Points*).

SISBERT. A red light near the eastern gate?

SENTINEL. Yes, my lord.

SISBERT. How many times did it appear?

SENTINEL. Three times, my lord.

SISBERT. Gentlemen, 'tis Fredegisel's signal. He has important information. We must return the signal, then will he shoot an arrow bearing a letter to yonder rock. Otulf, have you the lantern?

OTULF. Yes. What color do you want?

SISBERT. Blue. He knows that is my answer.

OTULF. Well, my lord, I'm ready.

SISBERT. Wave it thrice from right to left. So. See he responds. Now to the rock. Over there, midway between the city and our camp. I'll lead; move cautiously.

ÆGISMUND (*To Sentinel*). Watch yonder gate; if the enemy assail us alarm the camp.

SENTINEL. I will, my lord.

ÆGISMUND. Teias!

TEIAS. My lord?

ÆGISMUND. Hie back to our quarters, bring up one thousand horsemen. Make haste!

TEIAS. I go, my lord. (*Exeunt omnes.*) (*Enter LEOVIG from his tent.*)

LEOVIG. The camp has gone to rest, and even the lowliest of my vassals lies blest in sweet repose. But sleep, the healing balm of sore and careworn hearts, comes not in gentle pity to the head that wears a crown. There's darkness in my soul, and even the heavens above have veiled to-night, with black and lowering clouds, the hopeful stars. (*Sits. Enter RECARED.*)

RECARED. My father.

LEOVIG. Why so late about, Recared? Youth

should be blessed by sleep; get thee to bed, my son.

RECARED. 'Tis no use. O these dreams,—the fearful dreams of that doomed city and Hermenigild!

LEOVIG. Ah, name him not to me! I've cut him off—that thankless, stubborn and rebellious son!

RECARED. (*Approaching*). O father, wouldst thou but admit him to thy face and lend thine ear to his defence!

LEOVIG. That's past. His deeds have proven what words cannot unsay. His bold apostasy, the murder of my own ambassador, the revolution of Seville and open war—

RECARED. Yet deeds have been misunderstood, misjudged, as to their causes, motives and intent. O father, send me to-morrow to Seville to have speech with Hermenigild.

LEOVIG (*Rises*). Too late! He drew the sword, the sword must speak.

RECARED. Alas, alas! This breaks my heart.

LEOVIG (*Steps slowly behind him*). Thy heart? Ah, thinkest thou that mine is whole?—that my heart feels not the piercing dagger of his ingratitude? Ye stars! Did I not love him once with all a father's love, a father's pride? Go, I will hear no more.

RECARED. O ye sweet heavens, help!

LEOVIG. Can I forget? He was the nation's pride, the glory of our ancient race, the hope of my old age; but he has blasted all, and brought humiliation, disappointment, sorrow upon my old grey head. No, Recared, no more of reconciliation, peace, forgiveness; that's past forever! (*Exit.*)

RECARED. In vain, in vain! I cannot stem the flood which rushes onward to engulf us all in utter ruin. What is this? (*Enter SISBERT, ÆGISMUND, TEIAS, OTULF.*)

ÆGISMUND. Prince, is the king within?

RECARED. You'll find him waking.

ÆGISMUND. Count Sisbert, inform his Majesty. Otulf, go, summon Goswin hither. Teias, you follow me to rouse the army and prepare at once for battle (*Exit*).

RECARED. This sudden bustle at so late an hour denotes the last and fatal blow threatening to fall upon the city and my brother, and here I stand a powerless, despairing witness of my brother's fall. (*Goes up the stage. Enter SISBERT and LEOVIG.*)

LEOVIG. This is, indeed, most welcome news.

SISBERT. In half an hour you will see the flames enshroud the city. Then shall I be admitted by Fredegisel through a secret passage in the wall with fifty picked men and force the eastern gate in quick surprise. Now, may it please your Majesty to give immediate order to your army for the assault upon the city?

LEOVIG. It shall be done! (*Enter GOSWIN and OTULF.*) Goswin, you are informed. (*Drums.*)

GOSWIN. My liege, the drums call your army on to victory and conquest. (*Noise of thunder.*) Lo! Even the heavenly powers begin to fling

their fiery thunderbolts upon the doomed city. The downfall of Seville is at hand. On to the battle! Down with the rebels! (*Enter ÆGISMUND, AGILULF, RODERIC, TEIAS. Noise of drums.*)

ÆGISMUND. Your Majesty, my thirty thousand Visigoths with ready swords and shields stand waiting your command to rush upon the city like lions on their prey.

SISBERT (*Points with his sword*). See there! Ah, Fredegisel is at work. There's a flame, and there, and there! No time to lose. Your Majesty, order the storming.

GOSWIN. The torches of Seville's funeral are flaring up. March on, march on, victorious king!

LEOVIG. Onward, brave Visigoths! Order the attack! (*Drums.*) Duke Ægismund, let the assault be made together on every city gate.

SISBERT. Your Majesty.

LEOVIG. Count Sisbert?

SISBERT. Relieve me of my charge.

LEOVIG. Your reason?

SISBERT. With fifty chosen men, intrepid, brave as lions, I will, by secret passage, led by Fredegisel, enter the city, force the eastern gate and open it to our army.

LEOVIG. 'Tis granted, valiant Sisbert!

RECARED. O father, remember!

SISBERT. Ha, Prince! do you stand unarmed when every Visigoth has donned his armor to overthrow the traitors?

RECARED. Shall I draw the sword against my brother when gentle measures could achieve far happier results?

GOSWIN. The Prince's brotherly affection makes him forget his duty to the state.

RECARED. The hissing of the serpent!

GOSWIN. You say—

LEOVIG. No more of this. Forward, brave Visigoths! Yet listen: Spare the life of Hermenigild, my son.

RECARED. Thank Heaven!

GOSWIN (*Aside*). This is absurd! Yet Sisbert will see to it. (*Whispers to SISBERT.*)

LEOVIG. Bring him before me alive. Now each to his post, and on to the attack!

ALL. Long live the king! (*Drums. Exeunt.*)

SISBERT. Spare the life of Hermenigild? What care I for the downfall of Seville? only Hermenigild! ah, fortune, favor me! Let him come before the point of this my sword, and vengeance shall have found its victim.

RECARED. O Sisbert, Sisbert! have mercy on my brother.

SISBERT. Out of my path, young Prince! Was it not written: "Eye for eye and tooth for tooth, and blood for blood"? Your brother! ah! I see my brother with bloody gashes in his breast and cold in death stretched out upon the treacherous stones of yonder city, your brother's city! Out of my way, I say!

RECARED. Sisbert!

SISBERT. Speak not to me! You may as well bid yonder fiery flash swerve from its airy track as move me from my mission of revenge. Away! on to revenge! (*Exit.*)

RECARED. O fearful passions of the human heart, destroying, merciless, unreasonable, like the raging elements above, leaving behind them wreck, woe and desolation! (*Enter RODERIC.*)

RODERIC. My Prince, a word.

RECARED. Roderic, the son of Goswin?

RODERIC. His son, yet of a different mind. I am a friend to you and your ill-fated brother.

RECARED. How can this be? (*Drums.*)

RODERIC. Time presses. Hear the drums, which call me off to my command. Foul plots and evil machinations thrive which the future will unravel. Distrust me not; here is my hand! I pledge my knightly honor that I will try to save your brother's life. Give me a token by which to win his trust. Make haste.

RECARED. O noble Roderic! So frank a face cannot deceive. I trust you. Here this ring; he knows 'twas our mother's favorite.

RODERIC. Thank you, my Prince! Farewell! I will redeem my pledge, or die in the attempt (*Exit*).

RECARED. O angels, gentle friends in our life's fierce battles, speed him! Descend and hover over us (*Exit*).

GOSWIN (*Rushes on the stage*). Now let the angry clouds burst and rain fire on Seville! Let heaven's thunderbolts strike terror into their hearts! Let Sisbert's sword, like the avenger's, fall crushing on the head of Hermenigild. Strike, lightning! Thunder, roll! sound, drums! It is the knell of Hermenigild's destruction, and the announcement of my coming triumph.

(*Curtain.*)

SCENE II.

(*Street in Seville. Night; thunder and lightning.*)

FREDEGISEL. Ah, what a night is this! The elements are at war. It makes me shudder. 'Tis unnatural, as if the spawn of hell were loose, and countless evil spirits were lashing one another with fiery thunderbolts in senseless fury. Ah! 'tis but a fit prelude to the destruction which is afoot. I have set fire in seven places. A little while, and the flames burst forth, to show the waiting Visigoth the way (*Lightning*). Ah! what was that? I dare no longer be alone. Quick to the eastern gate, to let Count Sisbert in. What a night of horror! (*Exit*).

(*Enter UTOLF and CLAUDIUS from opposite sides.*)

UTOLF. Who's there?

CLAUDIUS. A Roman.

UTOLF. Claudius by your voice.

CLAUDIUS. Your ear is good. O Utolf, what a night!

UTOLF. I cannot sleep! 'Tis not the dreadful tempest which doth prevent me, but some oppressive feeling that weighs upon my heart, like a fantastic nightmare, foreboding evil.

CLAUDIUS. How did you leave the Prince?

UTOLF. Unflinching, fixed in his resolve like the polar star, yet sad and sorrowful, that this intestine war was forced upon him by the conspirators around the throne.

CLAUDIUS. They drove us wantonly to despair

by their tyrannic measures. Yet by the fiery flash that leaps across the threatening firmament, I am resolved to fight unto the last, and rather fall a free, unconquered man than live the slave of a despotic king.

UTOLF. And so we all. (*Noise in the distance, cries of "Fire! fire!"*) Ah, what is this?

CLAUDIUS. Listen!

UTOLF. Good Heavens! They cry "fire!"

CLAUDIUS. The city is on fire!

UTOLF. Let's hasten!

CLAUDIUS. Stop! Listen, Utolf! between the rolling of the thunder! What do we hear?

UTOLF. Claudius, as I am living, the drums of the Visigoths. Yonder! (*Points.*)

CLAUDIUS. There is the eastern gate.

UTOLF. Hark! Now again on the other side. O Claudius!

CLAUDIUS. The enemy is moving on the city to take us by surprise.

UTOLF. Behold, the fire spreads. See you the flames?

CLAUDIUS (*Stamps his foot and draws his sword.*) Ah, Utolf, this is the work of treason,—black, hellish, cursed treason! The fire and the attack combined are preconcerted. Utolf, rouse the Prince! I hasten to the eastern gate. Tell him so. As I'm a Roman, I will fight the treacherous foe to death! (*Exit*).

UTOLF. O villainy! villainy! (*Exit*).

(*Enter CITIZENS in consternation.*)

CITIZENS. Fire! fire! fire! Help! help! The Visigoths are upon us!

1ST CITIZEN. It is there, and there, and there.

2D CITIZEN. Now yonder and to the west.

3D CITIZEN. It seems all around us.

4TH CITIZEN. We are lost, fellow-citizens. What with the fire and the Visigoth's attack, we are doomed.

1ST CITIZEN. 'Tis true. Who can fight two such enemies combined?

2D CITIZEN. There's no escape. What shall we do? (*Enter BLACKSMITH.*)

SMITH. On to the walls! On to the gates! On, fellow-citizens! Take up your arms! Defend your city, your altars, and your homes!

1ST CITIZEN. We are undone! Bertulf!

2D CITIZEN. There's treason within and the merciless Visigoths without.

3D CITIZEN. No escape! No resistance avails.

SMITH. What! Despair? Give yourselves up to be butchered like helpless sheep by the cut-throats of Ægismund? To arms! to arms! Let's fight like brave, good men. As long as this my arm can wield the hammer I mean to strike and fight.

1ST CITIZEN. Friends, he's right! On to the fight!

2D CITIZEN. I follow you, Bertulf!

3D CITIZEN. I too!

ALL. On to the battle! Forward!

SMITH. Down at the eastern gate, the battle has begun. I lead you there! Conquer or die like brave and honest men.

ALL. Yes, conquer or die! (*Exeunt omnes.*)

(Enter HERMENIGILD, COMMINIUS, UTOLF, VALERIUS, QUINTUS, and soldiers.)

HERMENIGILD. Comminius, to the western gate! You, Quintus, defend the northern! Valerius, you the southern! The enemy attacks on every side. Utolf, you follow me! There is the greatest noise. Now, friends, treason and numbers are against us, yet brave and true to our cause we fight the enemy into the jaws of death. Farewell! God speed you!

ALL. Farewell! To battle! (*Exeunt.*)

(Enter FREDEGISEL with SISBERT and soldiers.)

FREDEGISEL. You are in the city! This way, Count Sisbert. The eastern gate is at the bottom of this street. Now take them in the rear and win.

SISBERT. Now upon them in a rush! surprise will lame their courage, forward! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

(*Battle. Citizens, SMITH, Visigoths fighting.*)

SMITH. Stand, friends! Treason on all sides, yet stand! Fight! Let us die for truth and right and freedom! (*Omnes fighting across the stage.*)

(Enter CLAUDIUS and VALERIUS.)

CLAUDIUS. Valerius, save the Prince! The enemy is in the city, the eastern gate is lost. O treason, foul, foul treason! ah! if I had tears, 'twould make me weep. Commend me to the Prince! Tell him to make his way out of the western gate. The city is lost. I will hold the enemy and die upon my post. Go, save the Prince. Farewell! (*Exit.*)

VALERIUS. O noble Claudius, farewell! (*Exit.*)
(*Alarm. Enter from opposite sides CLAUDIUS and soldiers, SISBERT and soldiers.*)

SISBERT. Destroy the rebels! Seek the Prince!

CLAUDIUS. Thou shalt not have his blood, thou murderous hellhound!

SISBERT. Ha! Claudius, rebel!

CLAUDIUS. Infamous tool of a despotic king! For the sake of my faith, my people, home and country, I charge thee, stand! (*Fight. FREDEGISEL stabs CLAUDIUS from behind.*)

CLAUDIUS (*Falls*). O villain! villain! stabbed from behind!

SISBERT. Fredegisel, I thank you not for this. Now for Prince Hermenigild! My sword must drink his blood! Revenge! (*Exeunt omnes.*)

CLAUDIUS. O God! Look down upon my prince, my country and my people. Have mercy on my soul! (*Dies.*)

(Enter HERMENIGILD, UTOLF, COMMINIUS, etc.)

HERMENIGILD. We are surrounded! All is lost! It remains to fall with our sword in hand. Who's this? (*Sees CLAUDIUS.*) O valiant, generous, noble-hearted Claudius! good-night! God rest your soul! Friends, base treason has done its ignominious work; the raging flames are sweeping all before them, and in their lurid light the swords of overwhelming forces spread death and woe around. The end has come; we fall fighting for God and country, truth and justice. Yet though we fall, our cause will live forever. See, they come! (*Enter RODERIC with soldiers.*)

RODERIC. Stop! Let us have parley.

HERMENIGILD. What boots it?

RODERIC. Prince Hermenigild, a word with you. Soldiers, stand back! My Prince!

HERMENIGILD. What is thy name?

RODERIC. Ask not my name, but see this token I have from Recared, your brother; trust me!

HERMENIGILD. Your message?

RODERIC. I pledged my word to your good brother that I would save your life.

HERMENIGILD. Save me!

RODERIC. Even so, my Prince. You know me not. Some day you may. I only pay a debt, and still remain a debtor. Come with me!

HERMENIGILD. No! Can I outlive the ruin of my people? Can I behold them going down to death and live? No! I will share their lot.

UTOLF. My Prince, listen to good counsel!

HERMENIGILD. O Utolf! The hand of heaven lies heavily upon me.

COMMINIUS. Prince, save your precious life for us, your people, till better days arrive.

RODERIC (*To his soldiers*). Prevent them from entering the street. My Prince, time presses. Make haste. Take this disguise.

HERMENIGILD. How can I flee and leave you here to certain death? No, never!

RODERIC. I save you all; your friends shall go with you.

UTOLF. Now! Resist no longer. Here! (*Disguises HERMENIGILD.*)

HERMENIGILD. I yield to your entreaties but with a woful heart!

RODERIC. Soldiers, advance! Take these captives into your midst. I follow in the rear.

HERMENIGILD. Witness, ye fiery heavens, that I would rather have fallen with my people; yet it has to be! O ye all-ruling Powers, have mercy on Seville! (*Exit with soldiers, etc.*)

RODERIC. Make haste! Thank heavens, I have redeemed my pledge and paid part of my father's debt. Who comes?

(*Enter SISBERT, ÆGISMUND, soldiers.*)

SISBERT. The prince! Where is the prince?

ÆGISMUND. If he escape, cursed be this night! Then all our trouble's lost.

SISBERT. Roderic, where is the prince?

RODERIC. Prince Hermenigild is safe.

SISBERT and ÆGISMUND. Safe? escaped?

SISBERT (*furiously*). Ha! baffled in my sweet revenge? No, it shall not be! But not long ago I saw him in the thickest of the fight. He cannot be far off. I shall pursue him even to the mouth of hell (*Exit*).

RODERIC. It is trouble lost.

ÆGISMUND. Young sir!

RODERIC. My lord?

ÆGISMUND. The loyalty of Goswin, your noble father, is undoubted; but your behaviour arouses my suspicion.

RODERIC. What if it does?

ÆGISMUND. You mean to cross me?

RODERIC. Duke Ægismund, my path is straight; if yours be so, how can it cross?

ÆGISMUND. Beware!

(*Curtain.*)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC now enters upon the TWENTY-SIXTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.



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H. L. Ferneding,	} Special Contributors.
P. M. Ragan,	
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—The heart of the nation goes out in sympathy to the President in his affliction over the loss of the loved companion of his life's work, Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison, who died at the White House on the 25th inst. She was a true type of American womanhood, and as such held a place deeply fixed in the affections of the people.

—On this (Saturday) evening the annual retreat for the Catholic students will be opened in the college church by the Rev. Father Robert, of Cincinnati, the gifted and zealous Passionist missionary. The various exercises will be devoted to the consideration of the great truths which are essential to the formation and direction of Christian life and conduct. It is therefore expected that all will be duly impressed with the importance of engaging seriously in the exercises to which these two days are allotted, and secure for themselves the advantages which a retreat well made always brings with it.

—The lecture course at the University for the month of November will be of more than ordinary brilliancy and instructiveness. We are pleased to announce that the Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, D.D., Rector of the American Catholic University will, on Wednesday next, open the monthly series with one of those lectures on some of the great questions of the day for which the eloquent and learned prelate is distinguished throughout the land. He will be followed on the 9th and 10th by the Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D., of Worcester, Mass., the renowned advocate of the cause of temperance, whose zealous labors, coupled with the oratorical powers with which he is gifted, have accomplished so much good in behalf of his fellow-man. He will address the students on the subjects: "The Educated Catholic in American Life" and "A College Man's Duty to the Cause of Temperance." In the musical line the month will bring us the world-famed violinist, Remenyi, and other attractions to be made known later on.

—Besides the regular Columbian celebration, reports of which have already appeared in the SCHOLASTIC, Friday last, the 23d inst., was, in accordance with the President's proclamation, duly observed at Notre Dame. At eight o'clock a. m. Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the college church by the Rev. Vice-President Morrissey. The musical portion of the services, as rendered by the college choir, was of a high order of excellence. The Faculty and students attended in a body, and assisted at the Thanksgiving Mass duly impressed with the great significance of the occasion. Notre Dame appeared as *en fête*. The University buildings were handsomely decorated with flags and bunting, St. Edward's Hall being especially noticeable for the richness and splendor of its ornamentation. The day was one of unusual festivity for the students, and, needless to say, was heartily enjoyed by all. In the afternoon the Seniors held their Field-day exercises on their campus, a report of which will be found in another column.

In the evening St. Edward's Hall was gorgeously illuminated, producing a thrilling effect upon all who beheld it. The Sorin Hall contingent gave a unique and very enjoyable entertainment on the college green, while the University Band, from the porch of the main building, discoursed national airs and other delightful music. It was, altogether, a memorable celebration of the Columbian centenary.

Visit of the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan.

The event of the week at Notre Dame was the visit of the Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, D. D., Archbishop of New York. His Grace, accompanied by his secretary, the Rev. James N. Connolly, with the Rev. M. A. Taylor and the Rev. James J. Dougherty, arrived shortly after noon on Monday at the L. S. & M. S. station in South Bend. There they were met by the Rev. President Walsh and Rev. Father Zahm who escorted them to the University. As the carriages rolled into the precincts of Notre Dame the mammoth bell in the church tower, together with the full chime of thirty-six bells, pealed forth in joyous notes, that were carried far and wide, the hearty welcome with which students and religious greeted the presence of the distinguished prelate of America's metropolis. The visiting clergymen were assigned to rooms in the main building of the University, while the Archbishop was taken to the residence of Very Rev. Father General Sorin, the venerable Founder of Notre Dame, whose guest he became. After some time given to rest and dinner with Very Rev. Father General, the Archbishop and party were conducted to the portico of the main building, to witness the reception, almost impromptu but none the less joyous and heartfelt, with which the students sought to honor his Grace's visit. On the porch, the Archbishop was seated on the Pontifical chair and attended by Father General, Rev. President Walsh, members of the Faculty, visitors and others, while the students, upwards of five hundred in number were massed in the parterre in front. After appropriate music had been discoursed by the University Band, Mr. Lamar Monarch, '93, ascended the steps and delivered the following address of welcome:

"MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP:

"It is hardly necessary for me, as the representative of the students of Notre Dame to welcome you in words. If you look about you, you will see on every face an expression of that cordial feeling with which your honored name is associated in our hearts. This moment has been looked forward to by us all from year to year, and we could scarcely believe that some obstacle might not snatch from us the coveted honor of meeting you, when it was this morning announced that you were to be with us.

"Had your Grace failed to visit us, the Columbian year would have been incomplete. Most of us have read your glowing words spoken at the opening of the New York building in the great exposition grounds, and, coming from one whose career has been held up to us as an example of all that is Catholic, loyal, true and holy, they have filled us with a greater desire to hear your living voice and see you face to face. That opportunity has

come; and, since you will speak to us, there will be no break in the chain of illustrious prelates, which, like the silver cord of a rosary, binds together the memories of Notre Dame.

"If we are enthusiastic in our welcome to you, Archbishop,—if we seem to forget reserve and only remember what you are and what you represent,—it is because you are the living embodiment of all the highest lessons we receive in this University, where even the walls speak,—where even the walls cry aloud that man, to fulfil his object in life, must be, above all, true to our God and His vicegerent on earth. You, especially honored by Leo XIII,—you, the staunch friend and upholder of Catholic education, you, the sum of all those qualities which a Catholic American should possess,—accentuate and crystallize in your person all the lessons that we have learned in these halls. Welcome, then,—a hundred times welcome!"

In reply, his Grace spoke of the great pleasure he experienced on visiting Notre Dame, of which he had heard so much, and which for many years he had desired to see for himself. But the half had not been told him; he expressed surprise at the extensiveness and perfection of everything around him. It was all an evidence to them of the constant protection of Mary Immaculate, to whom Notre Dame was dedicated, and who had never ceased to bless the labors of the venerable Founder and his devoted co-workers. The Archbishop touched upon the necessity and importance of sound Catholic education, and in words of earnest paternal advice spoke to the students regarding the importance of allowing the principles of religion and science to sink deeply into their hearts to be their guide hereafter when they go forth from these college halls.

As the Archbishop concluded, he was greeted with ringing applause by the students. After music by the Band, the assembly dispersed, while the Archbishop and party were escorted through the University buildings. His Grace was particularly impressed by the richness and extent of the collection in Bishops' Memorial Hall, and the completeness and magnitude of the appointments in Science Hall; but, as he said, everything he saw, even though hurriedly, was the source of pleasing surprise to him.

His Grace and the accompanying clergymen remained at Notre Dame until Tuesday morning, and took the noon train at the M. C. RR. for the East. His visit marked a red-letter day in our school year, '92-'93, bringing with it joy and happiness to all at Notre Dame; one only regret there was—that his kindly presence favored us so briefly; but it is the fond hope of all that the future will bring with it, to our *Alma Mater* many and longer visits from the genial, learned and devoted Archbishop of New York.

Observations.

It is stated that the other day a certain unassuming member of the fraternity of poetasters was very much disappointed because not called upon to deliver his metrical address which was prepared especially for the occasion. In my opinion, taking into consideration the ability of the versifier, it would certainly have met with the greatest success. Everything in the poem was perfect, except the technique, the rhythm, the rhyme and sentiment. The gentleman referred to has a wonderful amount of undeveloped genius, and will, I am sure, appreciate the favor I am doing him in bringing him prominently before the public. I only regret that I am compelled to withhold his name from publication.

I might also remark, in connection with this subject, that although Notre Dame is noted for the high standard taken by her representative poets, nevertheless many an untutored genius is still running rampant over forbidden ground. Such parodies on the 'Varsity Quartette's local hit of last year as those that have appeared lately over the meaningless signature, "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," ought to be consigned to the wastebasket. I have no doubt that their author considers them as lyrics, but he is laboring under a wrong delusion. The verses are lacking in dignity, and the author certainly shows a want of discretion in taking as his pen-name the one quoted above. Let him sing in a loftier strain if he wishes to be heard.

* *

It pleases me very much that those addicted to slang have at last discarded the trite expression, "out of sight." Yet it may be barely possible that the Minim still indulges in the phrase; and if so, I would say to him: "Youngster, thou art 'way behind the times. Get a bicycle, and come around to see the 'P. G's,' *inasmuch as to which* thou shalt receive most valuable information. Our logic fiend is now in his prime; his vocabulary is daily increasing, and once imbued with his spirit of linguistic progress, thou shalt again mount thy wheel and go back educated *inasmuch as to which*—however—*that is to say*—"

* *

College life embraces characters of every description, and among them all the coward is, perhaps, one of the most odious. He is found in every community, but nowhere does he meet

with sympathy; nowhere does he find a true friend. Oh! but he is daring; he is courageous; he would do anything mean, provided, of course, there is no chance of being caught. He will lead the innocent into mischief, and when there is danger he judiciously flies, always on the look-out for number one. When safe and secure he delights in the predicament of his accomplices. He cares only for himself; and though he is to blame as much as those who fall a victim to his snares, he is not manly enough to take his share of the consequences. He is a coward; he hasn't the courage to abide by what is right and just.

* *

Field Day is over now and the tired athletes have gone through the mill. The victor's prowess on the track is at length demonstrated; but, alas! how weary must be the life of the vanquished! The unmerciful jeers of the rabble haunt him wherever he goes. Yet, why all this? Why laugh at him who has met defeat? He is braver, perhaps, than yourself. He had the courage to try his own metal. Without him there would be no contest; all can hope to be first, but only one can win the honor. In a recent communication I attempted to vindicate the "guy," but his victim has at length converted me. Hereafter, let him beware; I am on his track, and on him shall I pour forth my vengeance as a lover of the persecuted!

THE OBSERVER.

Exchanges.

We wonder if our brethren of the sanctum have noticed the difference in flavor between Catholic and non-Catholic exchanges? We trust the saying it may not prove invidious, yet there is the same difference between these two types of journalism as between the high-school graduate and the convent-bred girl. It is not that either type is notably superior to the other in point of intellectuality. The difference is not one of merit but of flavor or personality, just as the *Ave Maria* differs from *Harper's* or *Scribner's*. For the dash and freedom of the non-Catholic journal, we have the gentle dignity arising out of literary exclusiveness. It is worthy of remark, too, that it is this latter quality which entitles the college paper to demand classification as a distinct form of literature; its choice of subjects and mode of treatment distinguishing it from the magazine, while its mellow character

and subdued tone set it apart from the ordinary newspaper.

One of the best illustrations of this gentle spirit is *St. Xavier's Monthly*, of Beatty, Pa. There is about this little journal the atmosphere of the convent, as sweet and refreshing as the odor of violets. The literary columns are well sustained and the local department—that most important feature of a college paper—receives proper attention.

St. Mary's Sentinel is another instance of the same quality. The spirit of chivalry is still abroad in the "Blue Grass Region," and the air is aglow with military ardor. It rejoiceth us much to know that in a recent competitive drill one of St. Mary's boys was pronounced the "best-drilled soldier in the State." The *Sentinel* is manly and reticent—two excellent faults in a soldier or a college paper.

The *Sunbeam* has just now glanced athwart our table. It reflects better than any other publication (except, perhaps, "Kate Field's Washington") the character and aspirations of the American young lady of this present year of grace. It is no mere bit of gallantry to say that the *Sunbeam* radiates light and warmth everywhere.

If it be true that the college journal be a distinct form of literature, then the college daily seems to have no *raison d'être*. No American college is so extensive as to require a newspaper of its own to chronicle its doings. The publication of a daily, then, seems a useless expenditure of energy. It cannot be literary—the exigencies of regular and timely publication forbid that. These college dailies (we have only a few of them in the United States) are seldom pleasant reading. Their chief merit seems to consist in developing editorial ingenuity in conjuring up available "copy."

The *University Cynic* is a model of good taste in matters literary. It seems to derive its title from the fact that it is not all cynical, but only one of the most hopeful and agreeable of our exchanges.

The college papers have, of course, put on weeds for Tennyson. None of them, however, has published anything so good as Mr. Quinlan's "Tribute," which appears in this number of the SCHOLASTIC.

Personals.

—Mrs. Meyers, of Toledo, O., visited her son Charlie, of Carroll Hall, on Sunday.

—Miss Pim, of St. Louis, visited her cousin, Master Bixby, of Carroll Hall, Monday.

—The Rev. Sylvester Malone, D. D., Rector of SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Brooklyn, was a welcome visitor this week.

—John Kelly and Jack Brennan, both old boys, of St. Paul, came from the World's Fair city to see us, and made a short stay.

—Mr. Prindeville and daughter, of Chicago, were most welcome visitors to Notre Dame on Monday. Their stay, however, was too short.

—Attorney Shively, '92, of South Bend, Ind., witnessed the sports on Friday. "Dud" has nailed a shingle to an office door and is doing a good business.

—The Rev. Luke J. Evers, '79, of New York city visited *Alma Mater* on Wednesday. Father Evers gave a very instructive talk to the Arch-confraternity at the Mass which he said that morning. It is hoped that Father Evers will come and give such talks often.

—Bro. Boniface, who for more than a quarter of a century has been identified with the schools of the Congregation in Cincinnati, has been appointed Superior of St. Pius' School, Chicago. We hope that the labors of Bro. Boniface may be attended with his usual success.

—Notre Dame was represented everywhere on Columbus' Day. Rev. President Walsh and Father Zahm attended the dedication exercises in Chicago; Rev. Father Fittes spoke at Laporte; Rev. Father French at Crawfordsville; Rev. M. Lauth at Union City, and Prof. Geo. E. Clarke, '82, addressed a large audience at Evansville.

—The Rev. John Bleckman, '67, Rector of Mary's Church, Michigan City, Ind., had a grand celebration of the Columbian centenary on the 16th inst. The Catholics of the city had reason to be proud of their demonstration in honor of Columbus, for its magnitude surpassed the expectation of their non-Catholic fellow-citizens. The fine weather aided the indefatigable labors of Fathers Bleckman and Wrobel, and served to call out nearly every male member of St. Mary's and St. Stanislaus' congregations, and they truly made an imposing appearance in their great numbers. The celebration was, as the press of the city stated, "the greatest in strength ever attempted by a religious denomination in Laporte county, and, with the zeal of the cause, combined with the patriotism of American citizenship, profusely manifested on every side, was an event in the history of the Catholic Church and Michigan City which will never be forgotten." The oration of the day was delivered by the Rev. Michael Lauth, C. S. C., of the University, whose masterly eloquence impressed his vast audience as he portrayed

the devout faith that characterized Columbus, and the magnificent and far-reaching results the bold and pious navigator achieved in spite of obstacles and dangers.

—The Rev. J. R. Dinnen, '67, is the energetic and popular Rector of St. Bernard's Church, Crawfordsville, Ind. The Columbian centenary celebration by his congregation, on the 16th inst., was one of the most noteworthy in the State. It was made the occasion of the installation of the new Commandery, Knights of St. John, and the presence of many prominent Catholics, and several hundred handsomely uniformed knights from neighboring cities, served to render the celebration a most ceremonious one. Solemn High Mass was sung at 10.30 a. m. by the Rev. James French, C. S. C., Superior of the Seminary at Notre Dame, assisted by the Rev. John Guendling of Lafayette, and the Rev. John Dinnen as deacon and subdeacon. An eloquent sermon appropriate to the centenary was delivered by Rev. Father French. In the afternoon a grand parade took place, participated in by the Father Dinnen Commandery and zouaves, commanderies and societies of Crawfordsville and neighboring cities. The parade was reviewed by Governor Chase from the parochial residence. This was followed by Solemn Vespers, at which the Rev. E. B. Walters, of Lafayette, officiated and delivered an eloquent address on the history and purposes of the knights, after which he conducted the public installation according to the prescribed ritual. The official installation and the charges had been previously given by the installing officer, W. W. Cheezum Esq., of Evansville, Ind. Altogether, the celebration was brilliant and impressive, and will long be remembered by the people of Crawfordsville.

Local Items.

- Frost!
- Retreat!
- Did you go?
- Freeze-out won't be in it.
- Carroll Hall has a sprinter.
- What about the "white cap?"
- The O. S. M.'s are prohibitionists.
- The carving class want more practice.
- The G. A. R. should "let us have peace."
- K. says that the bicycle race was *fouled*.
- The new heating corporation was an ultimate failure.
- When will that Brownson caliope vocalize his vocalizing organs?
- FOUND.—A watch. For further information call at students' office.
- The constable and bailiff had a rush of business the past week.
- R. Healy is now a member of the reading-room faculty in Brownson Hall.

—The Light Brigade start at the command of "January, February, March!"

—The Juniors have enough of snorers to supply an army with *drum heads*.

—FOUND.—Oct. 10, a gold pin in Carroll Hall. Owner please call at students' office.

—The question of air was discussed in one of our Latin classes one day last week.

—'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! isn't it grand?

'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! the N. D. Band.

—Several valuable members were enrolled in the Crescent Club books on Wednesday evening.

—The other day a party of Juniors explored the country north of the University, but returned in time—

—The Light Brigade are making things lively in the Brownson gym. Several new members were added this week.

—LOST.—A pair of spectacles in a case marked Geneva Optical Co., Denver, Colo. Return to students' office.

—The ex-Juniors have organized a football eleven, and will play the South Bend High School eleven in the near future.

—The 'Varsity eleven are now practising for a game with the Hillsdale College eleven either on the 12th or 14th of November.

—Messrs. J. Henley and H. Mitchell are the representatives of Brownson and Carroll Halls, respectively, in our local columns.

—The specimen of skill in the manly art, given on the Brownson campus Wednesday evening, was declared a grand success.

—The mustache club has passed a resolution that all the members shall *dye* before the next meeting, or be dishonorably discharged.

—Do not forget that competitions are still sweeping along. Next week Commercial Course; Collegiate Course on the week following.

—LOST.—A watch charm consisting of a small pen bound in gold. Finder will please leave the same at the office of the Director of Sorin Hall.

—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, D. D., Rector of the American Catholic University of Washington, will lecture in Washington Hall, Notre Dame, next Wednesday evening.

—The annual retreat will begin this (Saturday) evening, and will terminate on Tuesday, the Feast of All Saints. The exercises will be conducted by the Rev. Father Robert, C. P.

—The ex-Juniors and a picked nine played an excellent game of Rugby on the Brownson campus Thursday afternoon. After an hour's hard struggle the ex-Juniors made a touch-down and won the game. Score, 4 to 0.

—The game of base-ball between Captain Covert's team and Captain Krembs team in the Brownson campus resulted in a score of 16 to 11 in favor of Cap. Covert's nine. There was an increase in the number of base hits on both sides.

—The Brownson "gym" was lively in the evening during the past few weeks. Several

vocal solos were rendered by Mr. Hennessy, while Messrs. Chidester and Harris furnished music on the violin and guitar, and Messrs. Cumisky, Davis, O'Neill and Luther enlivened the boys with the latest dances.

—Many complimentary notices have been received concerning the portrait of Mr. Jewett in our issue of last week. The engraving was made by Messrs. Manz & Co., of Chicago, and its artistic reproduction in the SCHOLASTIC is attributable to the taste and skill of our accomplished pressman, Mr. Carney.

—The slating on the spire of the church tower is finished, and after the insertion of a few more galvanized iron facings and the surmounting of the cross, the whole will be in a complete state. As it is, the spire presents a beautiful appearance, and gives an idea of the improvement in the exterior form of the sacred edifice when the scaffolding is removed.

—Rev. James Connolly, of the cathedral, Rev. Matthew A. Taylor, Rector of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, and Rev. James J. Dougherty, Superior of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, New York city, visited Notre Dame in company with the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan on Monday. The reverend gentlemen during their stay made many friends by their genial qualities, and it is hoped they will find time to visit us soon again.

—The Minims had the honor of a visit from his Grace Archbishop Corrigan. He spoke to them of the exceptional advantages they enjoy at Notre Dame, and of the refining and ennobling effect it must have on their whole future life to be brought up in the midst of such beautiful surroundings and added: "Such a lot of neat, healthy, bright, happy little boys I have never seen in all my life." The princes responded to the compliments by applause and are determined to prove themselves more and more deserving of his Grace's complimentary remarks.

—It sometimes happens that the ubiquitous localist is called upon to take note of strange performances. And so it came to pass that one of the Staff managed to obtain a series of Kodak pictures of a certain Junior who found, it seems, special delight in disturbing handball games by throwing shoes and "sich like" into the alley. If this premature genius has for his ideal in life the hurling of missiles he should be given a free pass to Australia, and there, perhaps, a chance to perfect himself in this remarkable art might be offered to him by the Bushmen who have made a life-study of boomerang-throwing.

—The third regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society was held Wednesday, Oct. 19. The debate "Resolved, That the World's Fair should be opened on Sunday," was begun by Mr. Marr on the affirmative, and the way he was supported shows that we have many good speakers. The programme could not be fully carried out as several members were

absent. The declamations given by Messrs. Finnerty and Dorsey reflect great credit on both. The debate "Resolved, That the steam engine has proved more useful than the printing press," promises to be even more exciting than the first. C. McCarthy, Lynch and Walker are to support the affirmative, and O. Bergland, H. Mitchell and B. Oliver to defend the negative.

—There was silence in the Brownson reading-room. Jim leaned back in a chair beside a table piled high with newspapers and stared vacantly at Len, who sat right beside him. They had been engaged in a long conversation—a talk about old Kentuck—and had suddenly stopped, probably for want of more to say. But the pause had not been for the want of more action. Just as some of the Brownsonites instinctively looked up from their papers to ascertain the cause of the sudden hush, Jim, apparently forgetting himself, made a grab for his companion's throat. Len looked up half paralyzed with fright. The interposition of some kind friends set affairs aright, and Jim's reverie of the Blue Grass region was dispelled in the twinkling of an eye.

—The sixth regular meeting of the Law Debating society was held Wednesday, Oct. 26, with Colonel Hoynes presiding. The question for the evening was: "Resolved, That in the interest of reform and purer politics the right of suffrage should be extended to women." Messrs. Ansbery and Chidester spoke on the affirmative, while Messrs. Roby and Sinnott were on the negative. The following made some impromptu remarks on the question: Messrs. Heer, Ansbery, DuBrul, Chute, Coady, Ferneding and Chidester, while Mr. Hennessy read a decidedly humorous poem anent "Woman Suffrage." After a concise resumé of the points made by the contestants, the president accorded the merits of the debate to the negative. The following was given out for debate two weeks hence: "Resolved, That eight hours should be made a legal day's work throughout the country." The disputants are, Messrs. Henley and McFadden for the affirmative, and Messrs. Heer and Brown for the negative.

—On Saturday evening the Philodemics held their fifth regular meeting. After the preliminary business had been finished the society proceeded with the programme of the evening. Mr. J. Kearney's humorous reading was the cause of not a few outbursts of applause and laughter. Following this was a debate on the celebrated Force Bill of the South. After a few remarks on the affirmative, by Mr. M. Quinlan, his opponent, Mr. E. DuBrul, took the floor, and informed the audience that his preparations were all on the wrong side; he accordingly was obliged to speak impromptu, and it may be said that his effort deserved much credit. But the feature of the evening may, without fear of contradiction, be ascribed to Mr. H. Ferneding who also spoke on the negative. His language was certainly of a high literary character, and his delivery

equally praiseworthy. Mr. J. Kearney closed the debate on the affirmative with a very forcible speech, but as he spoke impromptu, we have reason to expect something remarkable in the future. Newly-elected members are Messrs. J. McAuliff, E. Maurus, C. Mitchell, and P. Crawley. At the close of the proceedings Rev. J. W. Cavanaugh gave a short criticism on the work, and decided the debate in favor of the negative.

Field Day.

Friday, the 21st inst., was an ideal field-day, as regards weather, while the number of visitors was larger than on any fall field-day in many years. The exercises opened at 1.30 p. m., and the contests were waged until 5 o'clock, when the ball-throwing contest and the throwing of the hammer were postponed until the following Thursday.

The hardest struggle of the day lay between Messrs. Quinlan and DuBrul for the all-round medal; but the honors were carried off with ease by the former. While not many records were broken, yet the contests were very exciting, and each victor elicited the well-merited applause given. In the mile run Mr. Engledrum, of South Bend, was a contestant to break his own record. He did not do it, however, but made a fast mile, coming in with ease in 5 minutes and 3 seconds. Paul Beyer, of South Bend, broke the record made by him last spring in the pole vault, increasing it to 10 feet. Mr. L. F. Gibson ran 100 yards against time, and equalled his old records of 11 secs. Following is the result of the contests:

1st One Hundred Yds. Dash—R. Healy, 1st; J. Devanny, 2d; W. Burns, 3d. Time, 11¼ secs. *2d One Hundred Yds. Dash*—M. Quinlan, 1st; C. Singler, 2d; F. Keough, 3d. Time, 11¼ secs. *One Mile Running Race*—M. Quinlan, 1st; J. Chearhart, 2d; C. Singler, 3d. *220 Yds. Dash*—R. Healy, 1st; F. Keough, 2d; M. Quinlan, 3d. Time, 25¾ secs.; *120 Yard Hurdle Race*—R. Healy, 1st; E. DuBrul, 2d; M. Quinlan, 3d. Time, 19½ secs. *Putting Shot*—M. Quinlan, 1st; N. Dinkel, 2d; E. DuBrul, 3d. Distance, 34 feet 2½ inches. *Running Jump*—E. Krembs, 1st; J. O'Connor, 2d; M. Quinlan, 3d. Distance, 18 feet 7 inches. *Running Hop, Step and Jump*—E. Krembs, 1st; W. Burns, 2d; M. Quinlan, 3d. Distance, 38 feet 9 inches. *Pole Vault*—M. Quinlan, 1st; J. O'Connor, 2d. Height, 9 feet. *High Jump*—J. O'Connor, 1st; M. Quinlan and E. DuBrul tie for second place. Height, 5 feet. *Five Mile Bicycle Race*—J. Donahoe, 1st; N. Luther, 2d. Time, 16 minutes 42½ secs.

Throwing Ball—M. Quinlan, 1st; Covert, 2d. Quinlan was handicapped 30 feet and threw the ball 352 feet 2 inches, while Covert threw it 334 feet 10 inches. This will give Covert the badge, but Quinlan will receive the points for the John Davis Co., all-round medal.

Throwing Hammer—N. Dinkle, 1st; M. Quinlan, 3d. Distance, 78 feet 3 inches.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Brown, Carney, Correll, Cummings, Combe, Coady, Crawley, Chute, Dechant, Dacy, DuBrul, Ferneding, Flannery, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, Jewett, Kearney, Langan, Maurus, J. McKee,

F. McKee, McCarrick, Mitchell, Neef, Powers, Quinlan, Ragan, E. Scherrer, Schillo, Sinnott, Schopp, Thorn.

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Masters Ayers, Ahern, G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Ball, Bopp, Bump, R. Berthelet, V. Berthelet, Bourgeois, Burnham, Barrett, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Corry, Curry, D. Campau, F. Campau, Cross, Corcoran, Croke, Christ, Cressey, Durand, Drew, Dugas, F. Emerson, W. Emerson, Everest, Elliott, Egan, Engelhardt, Eagle, N. Freeman, Flynn, Finnerty, Feltenstein, Getchel, Gavin, Girsch, Green, Graff, Howard, Higginson, Roy Higgins, Holbrook, J. Higgins, W. Higgins, Ralph Higgins, J. Healy, W. Healy, Hudson, Johntry, Jonquet, Jones, LaMoure, Lawton, Loomis, Lowrey, Lohner, Langley, C. Monaghan, A. Monaghan, Maritzin, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, Emit McCarthy, R. Morris, F. Morris, McDonald, McCorry, Ninneman, Oatman, Otero, O'Neill, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Peck, L. Rasche, H. Rasche, Roache, F. Roesing, B. Roesing, Shipp, Swan, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Segenfelder, Thompson, Trankle, Wilson, Wilcox, Wagner.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

—The tara-boum-de-hay fever travels everywhere with the cholera. It might be hard to say which is the greater wanderer. Here is the way they sing it in Paris:

"Chaque fois que j'vous verrai,
J'vous tarabusterai.
Tarara . . . busterai . . ."

Sure enough we are "plagued" to death with it. Now that its meaning is understood, perhaps it will soon be "busted."—N. Y. Sun.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

[Essays, society reports, and items of general interest regarding the Academy, appear in *St. Mary's Chimes*, issued monthly by the pupils of St. Mary's Academy. Price of subscription, \$1.00 per annum.]

Weekly Bulletin.

Graduating Class.—Misses Bassett, Haitz, Hudson, Lynch, Moynahan, K. Ryan, Thirds.

First Senior Class.—Misses Charles, A. Tormey, Gallagher, Kimmell, Roberts, R. Butler, Davis, E. Burns, G. Winstandley, B. Windstandley, M. Burns, Wilkinson, Dempsey.

Second Senior Class.—Misses Higgins, Healy, Keating, Gibbons, M. Nichols, Pumpelly, Ruppe, M. Wagner, Wurzburg, Carico, Dillon, Hellmann, Morehead, McLoughlin, O'Mara, A. Ryan, Sanford, Griggs, Holmes, McGarry, Barrett, Call, Kennedy, Cooper, M. Moore, Kenny, E. Seely, Brady, Byrnes, Duffy, Guggenheim.

Third Senior Class.—Misses Coffin, Meskill, O'Sullivan, Coady, Nicholson, Zeiger, E. Wagner, Murphy, Cooney, Griffith, Franke, Whitmore, A. Seeley, B. Nichols, Hunt, Kieffer, E. Barry, Kelly, Lancaster, Miner, C. Barry, Cowan, Bogart, Jacobs, McCarthy, M. Garrity, S. Smyth.

First Preparatory Class.—Misses Gardner, Agney, Butler, Sachs, Schoolcraft, E. McCormack, McDermott, Chauvet, Daley, Goldsoll, McCarthy, Wright, Dale, Kasper, Culkin, Doble, Crilly, Dingee, Baxter, Kingsbaker, B. Moore, Hittson, Richardson.

Second Preparatory Class.—Misses M. Schultz, Ellet, Robbins, Foulks, McDonald, Morgan, Russert, Lillyblade, Marshall, Riese, Werst, Bartholomew, C. Hermann, Lodewyck, L. McHugh, Graffe, Dent, J. Smyth, A. Cowan.

Third Preparatory Class.—Misses M. Mitchell, Cahill, T. Hermann, E. Keating, A. Girsch, Sargent.

Junior Preparatory Class.—Misses E. Dowling, Riordan, Trask, Casanave, Whittaker, M. Welter, Seeger, Flynn, Beck, Egan, Tilden, I. Dowling, M. McGugh, M. McCormack, J. Richardson.

First Junior Class.—Misses Pendleton, Hammond, Titsworth, Finnerty, McKenna, M. McDonald, Campau.

Second Junior Class.—Misses M. Wolverton, Fisher, A. McCarthy, Crocker, Bourgeois, H. Girsch, Binz, M. Murray, Feltenstein.

Third Junior Class.—Misses L. Smith, J. Brown, Dugas, Degnan, E. Brown, V. Smyth.

LANGUAGE COURSE.

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Second Class.—Misses T. Kimmell, B. Lancaster, M. Higgins, E. Barry.

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Second Div.—Misses Binz, Feltenstein, Ryder, Titsworth.

PHONOGRAPHY.

First Class.—Misses G. O'Sullivan, P. Hellmann.

Second Class.—Misses M. Miner, M. McGarry.

ELOCUTION.

Misses Barry, Baxter, E. Dowling, Dent, Dreyer, Goldsoll, Hittson, Kasper, Moynahan, McLoughlin, McDermott, Meskill, Russert, Stuart, Terry, Wilkinson, Riffel, Patier, Cooney, Lillyblade.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

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Second Class.—Misses D. Davis, E. Dempsey, R. Doble, M. Gallagher, M. Miner, M. Roberts, A. Thirds, E. Welter.

Second Div.—Misses Chauvet, A. Haitz, M. Ruppe.

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Ninth Class.—Misses Martha McDonald, M. Murray, E. Tilden.

Tenth Class.—Misses D. Dugus, A. Fisher, N. Hammond, L. Smyth.

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Misses Field, L. Stuart, D. Kline, E. Baxter, E. Griggs.

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MANDOLIN.

Miss S. Smyth.

BANJO.

Miss M. Agney.

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Misses Duffy, Ruppe, Zeiger, Riffel.

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T. Hermann, Ruppe, Flynn, Gibbons, Augustine, Hunt, Byrnes, E. Keating, K. Ryan, A. Ryan, Kennedy, Jacobs, Kieffer, M. Patier, A. McCarthy.

DRAWING.

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Misses Marrinan, Wilkinson.

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Misses Marrinan, Miner.

Roll of Honor.

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Misses Agney, Allen, Bassett, E. Barry, A. Butler, Brady, E. Burns, M. Burns, R. Butler, M. Byrnes, C. Barry, M. Barry, Barrett, Bové, Burnet, Charles, Carico, Cowan, Coffin, Crilly, Culkin, Coady, Cunningham, Cahn, Cahill, Caldwell, Carter, M. Cooper, Cooney, Chauvet, Davis, Dillon, Doble, Dingee, Dempsey, Daley, Duffy, L. Dale, B. Dale, Ellett, Furlong, Foulks, Field, Franke, Griggs, Good, Griffith, Gardner, Goldsoll, Gibbons, Guggenheim, Haitz, Hudson, Healy, Hellmann, Hittson, C. Hermann, T. Hermann, Higgins, Hunt, Hammond, Hopkins, Hoban, Jacobs, Kimmell, N. Keating, Klemm, E. Keating, Kelly, Kennedy, Kaufmann, Kieffer, Kenny, Kingsbaker, Lynch, Lancaster, LaMoure, Lillyblade, Marrinan, Moynahan, McLaughlin, Morehead, Meskill, Miner, B. Moore, E. McCarthy, McDonald, Marshall, Mitchell, N. Moore, E. McCormack, McGarry, Murphy, A. McCarthy, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nicholson, O'Mara, O'Sullivan, Patier, Pumpelly, Pfaelzer, Payne, K. Ryan, Ruppe, Russert, Roberts, A. Ryan, Riese, A. Richardson, Riffel, Stuart, A. Seeley, Schoolcraft, Schultz, Schaefer, Sanford, Thirds, Thompson, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, M. Wagner, Welker, Werst, Wurzburg, Whitmore, Wright, E. Wolverton, Wehr, E. Welter, Wilkinson, Zeiger.

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